SHAPING A LIFE

Lee J. Gable

To Andrea

with much love

and good wishes as

you find your place

in the world of space.

Grandpa B

S H A P I N G A L I F E

Reflections on a Life-Time

Lee J. Gable

Pleasant Hill, Tennessee

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INTRODUCTION

During the winter of 1979-1980 I had an unusual amount of time for reflection. We were in Sendai, Japan. Ann was teacher in the small Sendai American School, with a heavy schedule of teaching and preparing to teach. I was volunteer missionary, with a fair amount of free time, especially at first.

My mother died in October, and I returned to be with the family for the funeral service. That led to a lot of remembering. It had been a long way from the Pennsylvania farm where I was born to the Japan mission where Ann and I were spending a stimulating year. During the long trip from Japan to Pennsylvania, I thought about the people, events and influences that shaped my life.

The reflection continued after my return to Japan. Memory piled on memory as I recalled family and friends, teachers and colleagues, the communities and the world in which we lived and worked. I began to write, first in Japan and then in our retirement home in Pleasant Hill. More and more, my reflection and writing focused on the learnings that emerged over the years.

It became clear that I was telling two stories, not one. There was the story of people and events that shaped my life. That was highly personal, and applied primarily to me. There was also the story of fundamental learnings. Though they were my learnings, they applied to other people too.

The following pages are my personal story, as I try to sort out memories and to pay tribute to the persons and the events that shaped my life. I write this story primarily for my family.

The learnings are different. If they are valid - and I am convinced that they are - they have meaning for other people also. These learnings I am developing in a separate volume under the title, "Learnings of a Life-time".

I THE EARLY YEARS

The early years of my life - until I went to college - were spent in the farm setting of Roaring Creek Valley and in the coal region setting of Mt. Carmel, both in eastern Pennsylvania. Those settings were comfortable and secure; they provided me with foundations; they also imposed some limits.

The Farm World

My farm world centered in the small farm of my Grandparents Mensch and the larger farms of my Grandparents Gable and of my Uncle Wilmer and Aunt Ella Mensch - all within easy walking or bicycle range. Relatives and family friends lived on most of the neighboring farms. We went to church on Sundays. Several times a week the men went to Shenandoah to sell their produce.

All the people I met there were white Protestants, except the Zukosky and Mulkosky families. They were "different". The language of everyday conversation was Pennsylvania Dutch. With outsiders we spoke English, and books and newspapers were in English. Some people, including my Grandfather Gable, could read High German, but nobody spoke it. Years later, I learned that Pennsylvania Dutch came from the German dialect of southwestern Germany, from which most of my ancestors came. It was the language of farm and kitchen, not of culture. Like the language, life was practical and down-to-earth. There was neither time nor inclination for "frills". As I think back on it, that life had some definite qualities that impressed themselves on me.

1. Wholesome Work

Work came first. Unless the crops were planted, cultivated and harvested, unless the livestock was fed and cared for, unless produce got to market, farm life was vain. It was healthy work, largely outdoors, and seasonal. There was a time for plowing and planting, a time for cultivating, a time for harvesting. Winter was a time for butchering and the curing of meat, for repair and maintenance work, for quilting and sewing.

Work was shared. Men carried the heavy load of outside work, but women and children helped too, especially at critical times like harvesting. Women carried the heavy load of house-keeping. There was always place and a role for unmarried uncles and aunts, and for grandparents. Often there was the hired hand who lived like a member of the family. The barn and farm machinery always got priority. We did not articulate a male-dominance philosophy, but everything centered in productive farm work, and that gave men the breaks. Hay rakes, binders, milking machines, tractors and combines came first. Washing machines, electric irons, refrigerators came later, as well as indoor toilets.

Farming was the vocation for most people, but supportive work was

needed. The carpenter was important - to construct buildings and keep them in repair. The mechanic was needed to keep implements in repair. There was also the miller, the store keeper, the mail man, the doctor, the tax collector, the teacher, the preacher, and others. Farmers held all of these in varying degrees of respect, depending partly on the nature of the work, but primarily on the nature of the person. There was always the lingering suspicion that some of these did not "work". People had defensive ways to put down the few who were educated.

Life was relatively unpressured, except at harvest time, or when spring rains delayed important planting. There was always time to talk with the neighbor who was passing by, time to visit - and to help - the neighbor who was sick.

2. Self-respect

The farmer produced most of what he needed. If he was a good farmer - and most were - his fields were productive, his buildings well-kept, his horses sleek and well-shod, the family well-fed and neatly clothed. He could look his neighbor in the eye. He was independent. Some farms were larger or more productive than others, and some people had more "money in the bank". Sun and rain came equally to all of them; they called one another by first names; there was a solid sense of identity, of security, of neighborhood.

3. Conservative

The farmer was dependent on soil, nature and weather. He did not control these, but did his work within the bounds they set. He had security, but a fairly narrow margin of profit. He was not likely, therefore, to take chances, to run risks. He had learned by experience - his own, his parents', his neighbors'. He was not likely to go out on a limb, trying something that had not been tested in local experience. One of my mother's uncles was a good example of this conservative style. His motto, according to family tradition, was "get all you can, and can all you get".

4. Religion

Most of the people I knew were church members. They belonged to Mill Grove Reformed or to Numidia Reformed or Lutheran Churches. There were also Kulp Methodist, Free Will Methodist, and one or two other churches. Some people were Catholic, with a church at Slabtown, and some belonged to no church. They were not "our kind". Except for necessary house and barn work, cooking, milking, and feeding the livestock, nobody worked on Sunday.

Our family was solidly in the life and tradition of the church, not especially articulate, but often in supportive leadership roles. Both of my grandfathers were elders in the Mill Grove church. They sat in front pews, beside the pulpit, which always impressed me as being special. We read the Bible at home, usually silently. We talked about it, but did not get into theological discussions. We prayed, usually silently. I prayed at bed-time, taking quite a while to get beyond "Now I lay me down to sleep". When I was about four, I played the

preacher. My Bible was an old catechism, and I play-acted what I saw the preacher do each Sunday.

5. Travel

Travel was not thought of. Men went to Shenandoah to sell produce, less than ten miles away. There were occasional trips to Catawissa or Bloomsburg. My Grandfather Gable went to Ohio to visit his brother Adam - once. My Grandfather Mensch went to Philadelphia "to the hospital". A few of the men went to France in World War I, and very few to Cuba in the Spanish-American War. War was a sort of intrusion, but did not contribute to travel or to international thought.

6. Communication

There was little communication outside the "Valley". My grandparents subscribed to the Philadelphia Inquirer, the mail bringing the previous day's paper each day about noon. Word-of-mouth was the most common means of communication, aided by the party telephone line. Rings, long and short in varying numbers, were used. Each person's "ring" was known, and people sometimes listened in on one another's conversations.

The Coal Region World

When we moved from the farm to Mt. Carmel (1912) my new world was bounded by the small part of Appalachia that produces anthracite coal. For me, that world consisted mostly of Mt. Carmel, a town of about 15,000 nestled between two mountains. Occasionally we went to Roaring Creek Valley for family visits. For ten years we used horse and buggy, rented from a livery stable, or borrowed from the meat market where my father worked. In 1922 we bought a Model T Ford. That enlarged the orbit a little, and made our trips to Roaring Creek Valley more frequent. Still, we rarely went beyond Shamokin, Ashland, and the "patches" around Mt. Carmel.

The values by which we lived were largely those we had brought with us from the farm. The coal region town, however, was different from Roaring Creek Valley in a number of ways, and these made a difference.

1. Ethnic Pluralism

All the races of central and eastern Europe were there, plus German, English, Welsh, Irish and Jewish. The English and Welsh owned and operated the mines. English, Germans and some Irish were the professionals and the leading business people. For the most part, Jews were involved in business. Some of these nationalities were, of course, represented at different levels in the work force. Polish, Italians, Irish, Hungarians, Slavs, Russians, Lithuanians and others were the laborers in the mines. This was what they had come from Europe to do. Some had begun to move up in mining, or out of the mines into other vocations. There was one Chinese family in Mt. Carmel. The husband was Joe Lee, and he ran a laundry. If blacks were seen on the streets, it meant that a carnival or circus had come to town.

All the languages of eastern Europe could be heard. First-generation immigrants preferred their mother tongues, and many could speak little English. When they did speak English, it was with noticeable accents. These accents left traces in the English of most people in the coal regions. I can usually recognize the coal region accent when I hear it. Oddly enough, I can not speak with a coal region accent. I probably inhibited it when I was a boy. (I can, however, speak with an authentic Pennsylvania Dutch accent.)

2. Europe and Europeans

Europe was the "old country". We had all come from there, and nobody wanted to go back. When I was growing up, the descendants of early immigrants were "Americans", and recent immigrants were "foreigners". The term "Wasp" had not yet been coined, but that was what we were. We had some terms for foreigners that were derogatory, though they did not sound as bad to me then as they do now. That was more than sixty years ago, and much has changed in Mt. Carmel since then , including ethnic group relationships.

3. Coal Region "Caste System"

A fairly definite "caste system" existed. The boundary lines were not sharp, and people drifted back and forth to some extent. In school we mixed, especially in the lower grades, yet we still knew which was which. The "system" was something like this:
a. Upper Crust, made up of the rich, the top business people, the leading professionals, and people from "old families".
b. Upper Class (vague) made up of business families, physicians, lawyers, teachers, clergy.
c. Working people, made up of miners (not laborers), store and office workers (my father was one of these), carpenters, painters, plasterers and some domestics. My aunts, Anna and Cora Gable, who worked for years with "upper crust" families, were examples. These people were responsible and respected in the community, and people moved in and out of the working class in either direction.
d. Laborers. This was also a vague category, made up of day laborers in less responsible and steady positions than the workers in the level above. Most "foreigners" were in this level, especially at first.

As I reflect on this "system" and try to understand it, several things need to be said.

We felt fairly comfortable in it. As a family, we were in the third level. We knew many of the people in the first and second levels, as well as in the fourth. I played mostly with children of families in second and third levels. My father knew many first and second level people through his contacts in the store. The relationship was on a "Mr. and Mrs." level. We knew many people in the fourth level, but felt a "distance" from them too.

Times have changed. The economic depression of the thirties had an equalizing effect. Everyone was hurting. Education enabled children and grand children of the third and fourth levels to move up. My impression is that the "upper crust" has pretty well disappeared by

now. Ethnic barriers seem less important than they were when I was there. It would be interesting to talk about this with some of my school mates who remained in Mt. Carmel.

The "system" needed changing. Hard facts like depression and development, and also education, worked to change it. The system had to go because its bases were wrong.

(4) "Coal Cracker" loyalty. Ever since about 1925, when the unions stayed on strike too long, and when oil and gas began to replace coal for home heating, the coal regions have been in economic trouble. Miners worked fewer hours. Many were unemployed. Supplementary and service businesses were hard pressed. People went to Harrisburg, Philadelplhia, Detroit and elsewhere for work. Yet for large numbers of these, their hearts remained in the coal regions. People commuted to Harrisburg daily (about 75 miles one way). They came home for vacations. Why? Family and the universal urge to "go home" were surely part of the answer, but there was more.

I myself felt no urge to go back to Mt. Carmel, once my parents were no longer there. Most of my close friends had moved away. Yet "coal cracker" stirs me too. I felt a kinship when we saw the "Molly McGuire" film. Geography is part of it. There are hills and valleys, open spaces, clear air, pure water. I think the people who stayed there would also testify to an earthy sense of reality, a minimum of pretense and sham. Those who stayed faced hard times and "made it". This leaves them with a sense of stubborn pride. I think I always rejected the coal regions because I was unwilling to accept the limitations they seemed to represent. Yet something of the feeling is still inside me.

Two Coal Region Examples

(1) Helen Cole (actually happened, but the name is changed). When we were in 6th or 7th grade, a petite blond named Helen Cole appeared in our school. She promptly caught the eye of every boy in the room. We had not reached the dating stage, but Helen was popular on the play ground and at school parties and came up often in our conversation. At any rate, there was enough interest to make the father of one of my friends feel that the time had come to give his son a few facts of life. The son was quick to tell the rest of us. We learned that she was foreign. Her name was not really Cole but Kolinsky. If we could see what it was like in her home, we would probably see her in bare feet, stomping sauer kraut. Before long she would not be a petite blond anymore, but would be like her mother - big and fat. I am no longer sure how much of this my friend's father said and how much we made up for ourselves. I do know that we lost interest in Helen. My last memory of her is somewhere in high school. Then she had indeed gained weight, and there was a rumor that she had been caught shop-lifting. The "system" did need to change.

(2) Irish Girls. The Roman Catholic churches had parochial schools in Mt. Carmel and successfully recruited most Catholic children for them. At that time the Catholic high school went only to tenth grade. Catholic boys and girls who wanted to complete their education had to transfer to the public high school. That meant quite an influx into

each junior class. The Irish girls who joined our class in the fall of 1922 added measurably to the fun of being in school.

We did not think, then, about the principles and pressures that determine church practice. It did seem a little odd that churches should intrude into school life as they did. Reflection suggests that those students were pawns in ecclesiastical strategy games. In those games the Roman Catholic Church was the most visible contestant, but other churches were playing their own games too. Vatican II and ecumenism have brought about many changes.

4. Work

Work was the norm, and everybody was expected to do it. Work was more diversified, however, than in Roaring Creek Valley. Mt. Carmel had the usual array of professional people, business people, and people in the various service and supplementary roles that a town needs. There was a good range of stores: food, clothing, hardware, department stores . There were saloons and pool rooms where men gathered. For me, these were "off limits", except when I was sent to buy oysters at the saloon that stocked them. Specific mention should be made of two types of work - mining and factories.

Coal mines were basic to the economy, and a large proportion of the people worked in the coal industry in one way or another. Contract miners had responsible positions , and were well paid. Others worked in the mines in various capacities: loading cars, running "lokies", "robbing pillars", setting timbers, working in breakers (picking slate was the lowest job). Some hauled coal and ice. If the collieries were working, life in Mt. Carmel was good. Two fears were ever present: that there would be an accident (accidents were often fatal), or that the collieries would shut down. We were always glad to hear the colliery whistles with their shrill blasts in the morning, calling men to work. Everybody knew, by their pitch, which was which - which collieries would work that day.

Though coal mining was basic, and coal people tried to keep other industries out of the region, there were factories even then. They included silk mills, stocking mills, shirt factories, cigar factories. These were important for the community, because they were major sources of employment for people, especially for women, who needed to earn money. To the factories went the single women who had no particular education or skills, and the married women who needed to supplement their husbands' earnings.

5.Churches

Churches were visible, and divided. We could tell at a glance which church was which. A cross atop steeple or tower meant Roman Catholic. The onion-shaped tower meant Orthodox. If it lacked both of these markings, yet "looked like a church", it was Protestant.

Roman Catholic churches were divided in a general way along ethnic lines, especially Italian, Polish and Irish. The main line Protestant churches were in several categories, which we understood. Most of the wealth was in Presbyterian and Methodist churches. The Reformed

Church, to which we belonged, was middle class. The Episcopal church sponsored Friday night dances which we came to enjoy. There was a small Congregational church in which a few Welsh people held on. There were small Mennonite, Baptist and other churches about which we knew little. There was also a synagogue.

The main division was between Catholic and Protestant - Mt. Carmel was about evenly divided between the two when I was a boy. That changed after a while, as some Protestants moved away, and as Catholics were more prolific. In the 1930's Roman Catholics achieved a majority on the school board. That year they fired about 30 Protestant teachers, including some who were nearing retirement. The hurt was deep. It was one of the factors that led to a tenure system for the state of Pennsylvania. My later ecumenical development makes that Mt. Carmel situation seem very far away.

My Emerging Self

Early childhood memories are highly selective. They are the bits of information and of feelings that have been preserved through the years, as much by family memory as by my own remembering. A connecting thread among these odds and ends of memory is the steady feeling of a strongly supportive family.

At about the time I was born, my parents moved from Mt. Carmel to a Roaring Creek Valley farm owned by my Mensch grandparents. My uncle Wilmer was about 14 at the time, and worked with us on the farm. My parents decided to speak to me in English rather than in the Pennsylvania Dutch dialect. They did not want me to acquire the rather unpleasing Dutch accent. As the family memory has it, they used Dutch for family secrets and other things I was not supposed to hear. As a result, I soon learned to understand Dutch. (The Pennsylvania Dutch word for curious, or "nosy", is "wunnerfitsich").

I was slow in walking. If someone held my hand, I could walk, but if the friendly hand were withdrawn I promptly sat down. My father came home from Shenandoah one market day with a toy wheel barrow. I promptly walked away with it - alone.

Among the toys I vaguely remember was a set of badly-worn wooden blocks, with faded letters on the sides. My parents bought them to encourage me to learn the letters as the first step toward reading.

During my early years in school, illness was a frequent event, and sticks in my memory. My father was not often ill, but he had a severe attack of flu in the epidemic of 1918. He also had a very bad time of it when he got the mumps, probably from me. Mother was never a robust person (she lived to be almost 95, though) and had periods of illness. I still remember the feeling of mysterious awe at the time she went to Philadelphia for an operation, appendectomy plus "repairs".

I had more than my share of illness as a boy - colds, measles, pneumonia, et al. I was often absent from school, missing an entire month on several occasions. My parents saw to it that I kept up my school work, however. A bout with pneumonia was critical. I was kept

downstairs, probably for warmth and for convenience in caring for me. My father slept on the dining room table then, in order to be close by if I should have difficulty during the night.

My picture of myself, as I try to recreate it, was that I was an only child, smaller than most, "sickly" more than most, not as strong as most, with a good mind. One thing I needed was encouragement, and I got it from my parents.

My mother did most of the talking. If something had to be discussed, it was usually with her. Words came more easily for her than for my father, and of course, she was home most of the time while he was not.

As I grew, my father's role became increasingly important. He often took me and some other children for walks on the mountains, to the north of Mt. Carmel or to the south. These were on Sunday or holiday afternoons. He encouraged me to work, for the sake of physical strength and for the sake of making me more responsible. My earliest earnings came from hauling our coal ashes to the dump. I used my wagon or sled, depending on the weather, and was paid so much per can. My father worked in a meat market, and I often went there after school. At first, I did odd jobs just to help him. Later I was paid for what I did, and had a schedule of working, evenings, after school, Saturdays.

Summers in the Country

When I was 8 or 9, probably after the winter when I had a difficult time with pneumonia, the family decided it would be good for me to spend some time in the country. That began a series of about five summers with my Mensch grandparents on their small farm. The last two of those summers I took my bicycle there for the summer. Those summers gave me an experience in what I later learned to call the "extended family".

I picked up some homely philosophy from my grandparents. My grandmother kept house. My grandfather had retired from active carpentry, was tax collector for Roaring Creek Township, and farmed nine acres. During those summers, with no playmates, I developed inner resources. I played by myself - pitched horseshoes against myself, for example. I had a favorite low branch on an apple tree where I sat and read for hours. I ran around barn and fields, imagining myself an Indian brave. I also tried my hand at poetry. The products, mercifully, did not survive.

My Gable grandparents lived less than a mile away on a farm, and I often went there. I remember especially the family gatherings on an occasional Sunday or holiday - large table in the kitchen with family all around it, a ball game afterwards with uncles and cousins.

A little farther, along the same road as my Gable grandparents, was the farm where Uncle Wilmer and Aunt Ella Mensch lived. (That was where we lived the first five years of my life). I went there sometimes, especially to help load hay. That was always fun, especially the day when most of the load fell off the wagon and took

my cousin Mervin and me with it, cushioning our fall in the process.

When I was fourteen, and could work in the meat market all summer, those summers in the country came to an end. They had done me more good than I knew at the time. In retrospect, I think they gave me
- physical health in the out-of-doors
- a warm appreciation for our larger family, all three generations
- a feeling, largely unverbalized, for rural life and values
- inner resources to do things by myself.

Church Was Important

In the farm setting church was part of the culture I absorbed. Going to Church and Sunday School was the one regular event in our lives that took all of us out of the orbit of work and family. The two pastors (Lutheran and Reformed) were the best educated people in Roaring Creek Valley. Church meant more than Sunday attendance. We tried to do what was right. For example, we regularly had grace before meals and bed-time prayers. As I remember it, doing what was right was often turned around to NOT doing what was WRONG.
- We did not work on Sundays, except for essentials.
- We did not use profanity. When my father was really irked by something, he said, "Oh, sugar!"
- We did not drink alcohol, gamble, or play cards. Preachers had spoken against these repeatedly. Whatever was associated with saloons was wrong. That included checkers, which Rev. I. M. Bachman linked with the evils in the back rooms of saloons.

When we moved to Mt. Carmel we took these values with us. We changed some values, but neither easily nor drastically. I was allowed to play checkers only after Rev. and Mrs. Albert Gonser invited me to play with their grandson, Noble, and the pastor taught us to play checkers!

Limited Horizons

In retrospect, I see the family life of my childhood as supportive but limited. Ours was a small world, with horizons never very far away. Roaring Creek Valley was bounded by mountains and a river. Mt. Carmel was bounded by the mountain to the north and the mountain to the south. We moved back and forth between these two small worlds, but seldom outside them.

World War I was a brief, rude intrusion into that world, but did not really change it, at the time. I was 10 and 11 during our participation in World War I. My memories of it are the memories of a small boy:
- Robert Muir, our neighbor, was drafted. He went to war unwillingly. Soon came the word, "killed in action".
- Soldiers in uniform on the streets.
- Battle headlines in the newspapers.
- Knitting wash cloths in school.
- Playing war games with cardboard soldiers and paper airplanes.
- Distaste for corn meal, which we had to use because wheat flour was scarce.

The tragedy of Robert Muir may have been the first impulse toward the pacifist position which I later adopted.

Inhibitions

In some ways we were an insecure people. On the one hand, ours was always a respected family. We were aware of our abilities. On the other hand, we were often blocked by cautions and inhibitions. These are some of the inhibitions which stick in my memory:
- Health. "Wear your rubbers". "Don't catch cold". "Don't sit in a draft".
- Economic. We thought of ourselves as "poor". This did not mean that we were poverty-stricken. We had what we needed, though we lived frugally. It really meant we were not rich, like our neighbors, the Kieffer, Lucas, Strouss, and Muir families. My father did not own a store, he worked for his friend who owned a store.
- Social. We were "common people", not "society". We knew many society people. I played with their children, went to school with their children, but we did not belong to Mt. Carmel's "society".

One way to describe the combination of encouragement and limitation of those days is to say that life and growth were a continuing battle of "you can" vs "you can't".

II Student Years

1. High School

Mt. Carmel High School was only four blocks from home, but it was there that I became increasingly aware of the world beyond our mountains and farms. High school opened to me the new worlds of languages, literature, science and history.

Elizabeth Howard had a contagious vision of the potential of the League of Nations and of the World Court. She saw the lessons of history pushing toward a new form of international order. Edward S. Taylor, high school principal and teacher of Latin, saw to it that we had a solid foundation in Latin on which to build language skills. Nellie Johnson, sprightly red-haired teacher of English, drew me little by little into English literature. Flossie Dietrich helped us see that mathematics was more than addition and subtraction .

The Hi-Y Club, with its own club room, gave us experience with fellow students and with adult advisors that was different from classroom teaching and learning. I still remember with chagrin when teacher James Tustin check-mated me in four moves in my first game of chess. I also remember Attorney Moser who took time from his law practice to lead a Hi-Y study group.

2. First Ecumenical Step

Jennie Smith was a Methodist youth leader and active Sunday School worker. One day, to my surprise, she told me about a district youth council and said they wanted to nominate me for the office of president. I agreed, was elected, and served as president for a year. I remember little of what we did, but I do remember going to a county-wide meeting in Sunbury. I was impressed by the adult leaders, and by some very capable older youth.

I also remember being asked if I wanted to go to "state camp". It meant going away for two weeks, to Camp Kanesatake in central Pennsylvania. After vacillating for some time, I finally sent in my registration, but by that time the quota was filled. Little did I dream that ten years later I would go to that camp as a counselor and that twenty years later I would be there as state staff member. My first ecumenical steps were short and halting.

3. Crossing Point: Higher Education

Someone has defined crossing points as times in life when a person must make important choices. Once a choice has been made, and one has begun to move in a new direction, there is no turning back.

Such a crossing point for me came at high school graduation: to get a job or to go to college. Higher education had not been customary in our family. So far as I know, three or four of my parents' cousins had gone to college. For all the others, it was public school for some years and then work.

By my last year in high school we had begun to think seriously about

college. My grades were good, and teachers thought I should go on. There was no family business waiting for me, nor was there a job or trade I wanted. I was impressed by several attorneys, especially by Mr. Moser who led our Hi-Y study group. This led me to think of a career in law. Since Dickinson had a six-year program combining college and law school, I enrolled there. As a vocational decision, it was not very solid, but it was my basis for entering Dickinson College.

4. Dickinson College

Dickinson College, in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, was less than one hundred miles away, but in September 1924 it seemed like another world - as indeed it was. My new college world included students from a number of states, and from a wide range of communities, backgrounds and life-styles. Some of my fellow-students were highly sophisticated. Among them, I felt like the greenest of freshmen.

As I look back, several things happened that were good for me. I began to make friends, and discovered that I could cope socially. I discovered that I was well-prepared academically. College was stiffer than high school, presenting a welcome challenge. I encountered stimulating teachers.

a. Teachers

I had had some good teachers in high school, but the scholarship and professional competence of the Dickinson faculty gave me an academic challenge I had not known before. Several examples must suffice.

Dr. Mervin G. Filler was professor of Latin and also dean of the college. He taught the students with better-than-average background in Latin, and I was glad to be among them. We studied Roman culture as well as Latin language. It was good to be exposed to the man as well as to his knowledge of Latin. (He later served for some years as president of the college.)

Dr. Herbert Wing was a young professor of history, and regularly taught freshmen. He was not exactly our favorite professor, but he put us through a discipline that I have come to appreciate. Each student had to write a paper, following precise procedures of data-gathering and organization of material. I chose to study a minor Greek military figure named Alcibiades. I learned more about Alcibiades than I needed to know. I also learned about gathering data and organizing material.

Dr. W. Vernon Landis, professor of mathematics, was a striking figure - tall, with goatee. He had been a consultant to the Italian military in World War I, and had a special mathematical aura about him. I had no inclination to go into a career in mathematics, but my grades were good enough to get into an "express" section with Dr. Landis, and mathematics became fascinating to me for a while.

Dr. William Baumgartner, ordained Methodist minister, was professor of Bible. I had gone to church all my life, had my own Bible and had read it from cover to cover, but had never done real Bible study. Dr.

Baumgartner led us into the Bible, using a guide he had developed, entitled "Israel's Developing Conception of God". His comprehensive view of the Bible opened new faith horizons for me.

b. Commons Club

Fraternities and sororities played a large part in student social life. To join a fraternity cost money - which I did not have. Neither did I have a sponsor to propose me to a fraternity, nor was I a quick starter in social circles. In my sophomore year I joined the Commons Club. It was technically not a fraternity, but occupied one whole section of "Old West" and operated like a fraternity. My year in the Commons Club was a step for me in developing peer group relations.

5. Crossing Point: Vocational Choice

Two developments led me, in my second year of college, to question my intention to study law. I was not impressed by most of the law students I met. They came across to me as self-centered materialists. Their main question seemed to be, "What's in it for me?"

On the other hand, I was deeply impressed by Dr. William Baumgartner, and by First Reformed Church in Carlisle. Dr. Baumgartner was a good teacher, and also took a pastoral interest in students. First Church offered good preaching, good music, good program, able lay leaders. I had a growing feeling that ministry rather than law was where I belonged. I had helpful conversations with Dr. Baumgartner and with Rev. Roy Leinbach, Sr., pastor of First Church. Both encouraged me to prepare for ministry. Rev. Albert Gonser, my home pastor, was pleased also. He thought I should go to Heidelberg College and Central Seminary. Both were in Ohio, and seemed very far away. Lancaster was much closer. Dr. Charles Schneder, in Shamokin, took time to talk with me, and encouraged me to go to Franklin and Marshall College and Lancaster Seminary. That was what I did.

And what a difference that decision made in my life!

6.Franklin and Marshall College

My two years at F & M were good years, but they did not have the "new world" impact on me that Dickinson had. The two colleges were at about the same level academically. One difference was that F & M was then a men's college, whereas Dickinson was coed. As a consequence, social life and general campus decorum were somewhat better at Dickinson.

I took a room in the Seminary dormitory - where I was to live for the next five years. College students occupied the third floor, while seminary students occupied the first two floors. Something like half of the college students in the dormitory were pre-ministerial. This provided another step forward in peer group relations. We had many common interests, and began to develop fast friendships.

a. Teachers

I continued to benefit from stimulating teachers. Several need to be

mentioned.

Dr. George Mull was a highly-respected professor of Latin, whose last year of teaching was my first year at F & M. I was glad that I took his course. By that time we were able to read Latin at sight. The Latin we learned meant less to us than the man we came to know. An example of his teaching is that, in the class session nearest to Lincoln's birthday, he laid aside the Latin text and spoke on Lincoln.

Dr. S. N. Hagen was the professor of English whose composition course I took. Each week each student had to write an essay, to be read and discussed in class. The discipline of original writing, with critical discussion, was good for me.

Dr. E. E. Kresge, ordained Reformed Church minister, and former Allentown pastor, was professor of philosophy. What impressed me most was his level of caring. He wanted desperately to have us understand the basic concepts of philosophy. He wanted a clear sense of values to be part of our philosophy of life. I was beginning to see professors as stimulating persons to whom I could relate rather than as intellectual giants from whom I could learn.

Dr. Paul M. Limbert was a case in point. Professor of Religion, he was on sabbatical leave when I entered F & M, and I missed him in the classroom. However I came to know him in the college YMCA and later in St. Peter's Church and in interdenominational youth work. Paul and Anna Limbert both worked with youth, Anna primarily in dramatics. Paul became the professor with whom I had the longest and closest association. It included:
- guidance in youth work at St. Peter's, where he was director of religious education and I youth leader as seminary student,
- contacts in district and state youth council activities. Anna Mary Hinkle was secretary of the Lancaster County Youth Council, and I often went to its meetings,
- Workshop for Directors of Christian Education, when I was in charge of the Workshop and Paul was featured speaker in 1951,
- Switzerland, 1960. Paul was then Secretary General of the World YMCA, with offices in Geneva. Ann and I visited them several times, and were in a world consultation on leadership, of which Paul was chairman.

In retirement, the Limberts went to Highland Farms, Black Mountain, NC, about two hundred miles from our retirement home in Pleasant Hill. We have exchanged visits. My F & M class invited Paul to join us for our 50th reunion in Lancaster in 1978.

b. College Senate, and Other Activities

Though I was in F & M only two years, I became involved in college life at a deeper level than I had at Dickinson. In my senior year, I was elected to the college Senate. I have forgotten most of what we did. One action I remember, however. We recommended the discontinuance of the Sunday chapel requirement. Few people really worshipped. The requirement was dropped. It meant the end of St. Stephen's Church, a congregation made up mostly of faculty families. St. Stephen's then merged with St. Peters.

I also became an active member of Phi Upsilon Kappa (pre-ministerial group), of the Diagnothian Literary Society, and of the Calumet Club (discussion group for English majors). More than I realized at the time, these activities helped me develop skill and poise.

I continued to live in the Seminary dormitory and to eat in the Refectory. I became one of the Refectory waiters, which helped the budget and also built some good relationships. I joined the Liberal Club which sponsored, among other events, a debate on disarmament between Norman Thomas, Socialist candidate for president of the United States, and Rear Admiral Plunkett. Hensel Hall was filled, which meant an audience of 1000. We thought Thomas won the debate. Certainly, he had the students with him.

c. New York Trip

In the spring of 1928 I went on a YMCA-sponsored trip to New York City. That was a week-end of widening horizons. We stayed in International House, along with people from all over the world. We saw the still-unfinished Cathedral of St. John the Divine. We saw our first talking picture, Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer". We visited Chinatown. I stared with amazement at the mass and diversity of the great city.

7. Lancaster Seminary

On the surface, Seminary was a continuation of college. I lived in the same dormitory, ate in the same Refectory, and saw many of the same people. There was, however, a profound difference.

For us, Seminary was the educational home stretch. At last we were preparing specifically for our chosen vocation. That made a difference in our attitude toward study, in our attitude toward faculty, and in our student relationships. For me, the most striking impact came from faculty, and I want to express my appreciation for what a small but competent and concerned faculty did for us.

a. Teachers

In my first year there were five full time faculty members: I. H. DeLong, Old Testament; Oswin Frantz, New Testament; George W. Richards, Church History and Seminary president; Edwin S. Bromer, Practical Theology; and Theodore Herman, Systematic Theology. Nevin Harner, Christian Education, came the following year. Harry Sykes played the chapel organ, directed the choir, and taught a course in church music. Nevin Heller was librarian. William A. Korn was secretary to the president and served as administrator of everyday affairs. In the small seminary community we came to know one another quite well, and that included faculty.

Dr. DeLong was a thorough Old Testament scholar, who dramatized the Old Testament in his own unique way. His middle name was Hoch, which may be one reason why he acquired the nickname "Hoshek", the Hebrew word for darkness which "was upon the face of the deep". Hebrew language was optional. Some of us took all the Hebrew language

courses which were available. In two and a half years we did not become Hebrew scholars, but we got many insights into the Old Testament.

Dr. Frantz had been a popular Altoona pastor for some years. In the procedure of that time he was elected by Potomac Synod to the chair of New Testament. He worked hard at it, and became a good teacher. He was especially good in courses based on Greek text, working through the text with us, and helping us to understand it. One year he scheduled a particular course for English Bible only. Some of us went to him with the request that he teach it for us in Greek. He did. Only later did I realize what that request meant for his work load. He was a good athlete, and could beat most of us in tennis, golf or hand-ball. When I finally beat him in hand-ball, I knew I had arrived! Burt Behrens and I had a golf rivalry with Frantz and Harner. They had cars, which students did not in those days, and often took us to municipal courses in one or another of the three city parks. I am really not sure how much of my seminary education took place on golf courses.

Dr.Richards was our most widely-known faculty member. He was a small man, with a small voice, a great spirit, a quick mind, and a comprehensive view of history. He could connect the events and movements of different times and different places better than any history professor I ever had. He had a sense of the world church. Later on, he was honored as one of the founders of the World Council of Churches.

Dr. Herman was very German, by theological training as well as by ancestry. My theology notes were full of names like Schleiermacher. Dr. Herman's theology was liberal, but it was not the superficial liberalism that later became suspect. The neo-orthodoxy of the 30's and the 40's was not a difficult time for us, because we did not need its corrective influence. Unfortunately, Herman did little writing, except for Uniform Lesson treatments in church papers. His personal papers were never published.

Dr. Harner had a special impact on me. He was a stimulating teacher in the class room, getting us involved in our own education. He took a keen interest in us as persons. He was open in his style of teaching and also in his life outside the class room. Burt and I got to know him especially well through Mrs. Worthington, widowed daughter of Dr. E. E. Higbee. She enjoyed students and invited a few to be "latch-keyers". This meant having keys to her house, helping her when she needed muscles, raiding her refrigerator and generally having the run of the house. Nevin Harner and George Fitz had been latch-keyers when they were seminary students.

One day Harner invited me to go somewhere with him. In the course of conversation he asked if I had thought of doing graduate work. Without a second thought, I said, "No, I want to be a pastor". It never occured to me that I would earn a doctorate, or that in a little more than twenty years I would be his successor.

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b. Student Relationships

In a small school, students are thrown together in many different activities, and get to know one another very well. This was true of us. Some friendships, however, were closer and deeper than others. Four of us became fast friends. We called ourselves the "Four Horsemen", borrowing the title from a famed Notre Dame backfield. The other three were Ed Angstadt, Burt Behrens and Nevin Smith. We were good for each other, complementing and stimulating one another in many ways. The friendships remained solid over the years. Calvin Wingert, Ed's roommate, shared many of our close ties. James E. Wagner, then a Church of God pastor and later president of the Evangelical and Reformed Church and co-president of the United Church of Christ, commuted from Harrisburg. He was often in our friendship groups and discussions.

When we developed the collegial concept at Lancaster Seminary forty years later, I realized that was what we had - with one another and with Professors Harner and Frantz.

c. Discussions

"Bull sessions" were frequent events. They were stimulating and enjoyable. They helped us sharpen our thinking and develop our skills in communication. One such session sticks in my memory in a haunting way. Burt and I came back from dates at about the same time, and stopped to talk with Ed and Cal. Conversation turned to our seminary class and our prospects for parish ministry. We were concerned about several of our classmates. They were not doing at all well academically. We had serious reservations about their capacity to fill the roles of pastorate. We said that the church and seminary had an obligation that neither seemed to be fulfilling. We thought these students should not be encouraged to continue. They did continue, graduated, and entered pastorates. Over the years their careers fulfilled our worries. The haunting aspect of that conversation was that I remembered it when I was on the seminary faculty and we were wrestling with the difficult question of how to deal with other students whose prospects for ministry were dubious.

d. Ann

One evening during my first year in seminary, four of us were invited to a bridge party at the home of Pearl and Ada Lobach. All we knew was that four girls would be there, the Lobach sisters and the Hinkle sisters. Burt and I plotted to walk the Hinkle sisters home. I walked home with Anna Mary, and have been doing it ever since!

Ann and I had occasional dates, then dated more frequently, then regularly. The Hinkle home was a good place to be. Ann had a questing mind, an honest speech, a creative - and unpredictable - spirit, all of which came to mean more and more to me. By the summer of 1929 we were dating steadily, more and more drawn to each other. In the fall of 1930 we announced our engagement (to the surprise of no one) and on June 30, 1931 we were married. As I look back over the last half century, it is hard to imagine any other way that large segment of my life could have been shaped than the way we have shaped it together.

e. St. Peter's Church

One day in my first year in Seminary there came a knock on our door. Charles Spotts, pastor of St. Peter's Church, had come to ask me to work with the church's youth group. When I said "Yes", it was one of the best things I ever did.

To work under the guidance of Charles Spotts and of Paul Limbert was a rare opportunity. I remember a worship committee meeting one evening at the Hinkle home, with both Spotts and Limbert there. What is worship? How can young people plan and conduct worship so that they both learn about worship and have a genuine experience of worship? How can work with youth be planned and conducted so that the program is truly theirs, and is also good when judged by mature standards? These were the questions we were facing, and they indicate what I was learning.

At the suggestion of someone (probably Spotts or Limbert, but it became our idea) we invited the youth of one of Lancaster's black churches to meet with our group. They accepted and came. Part of the plan was to sing spirituals together. The singing went poorly, with a white pianist. Someone asked if one of our guests would play. One did, and what a difference! Later we accepted their invitation to meet with them. It was a Sunday evening worship service. The part we now remember best was the offering. Each person came forward and put his/her offering on a table. The offering was counted, and the total announced. The pastor then announced another offering! That posed a problem, for most of us had not brought extra money. Noting our concern, the pastor said, "Our white friends may leave whenever they wish, but we will stay until we reach our goal." When we moved back to Lancaster twenty years later, we felt that little progress had been made in racial relations during those two decades.

f. Summer, 1929

One day in winter or spring of 1929 a man named Sayres came to the dormitory to find me. He was looking for a student to help him the following summer in St. John's Church, Lansdale, PA. Spotts had recommended me. I went.

That was a good summer. I had a room in the parsonage. For meals I went to a small hotel several blocks away. Mrs. Sayres was a quiet but cheerful person. Sayres ("Tubby" to his friends), was a cheery extrovert. He was also very able and very thorough. He became one of my early models of pastor. His sermons were solid: well-researched, well developed, well written. He always wrote them in his own style of typed shorthand, and read them to the congregation.

My main job was to administer the vacation church school. I knew nothing about that, but I learned from Tubby. There was work that summer, but also tennis, bridge and just fun. It was good to be in the Sayres family. Dorothy, now Dorothy Cohen, was 8 and Gardner 11.

I remember two special days. One was a trip to a new camp site (see below). The other was the day Pauline Hinkle drove to Lansdale for a

vist, bringing Ann and one or two other girls. Ann and I found that summer rather long, and it was good to have a day together. Willow Grove Park never looked better!

g. Summer, 1930

Charles Spotts asked me to stay in Lancaster about half of the summer to help him in St. Peter's. He was to teach in a summer school and needed help for vacation church school, among other things. Remembering the value of my 1929 summer, I accepted.

John and Edith Truxal provided a room on the third floor of their home. I had breakfast there, and other meals with the Spotts'. Mary Jane Spotts was three, and Nancy had not yet arrived. The summer was very good for me, but there was one piece of bad coordination. The whole time I was there, Ann was in Ithaca, N. Y., attending Cornell summer school. Ann had always wanted to go away to college, and marriage would preclude that. Ann's mother wisely urged her to take at least that summer for higher education away from home. We had just one day together, when Ann's family invited me to go along on a week-end visit to Ithaca.

The vacation school was a joint affair with Bethany Presbyterian Church. To work with two churches was a valuable experience. The school seemed to go well, though I would probably shudder now if I could observe a video tape of what I said and did. The best part of the summer was to be in the Spotts family often and to see Charles at work. I then had another model of ministry.

Spotts asked me to conduct the church service and preach one Sunday when he had to be away. That was the hardest preaching task I ever faced. In the congregation were most of the seminary faculty and their wives, Franklin and Marshall College faculty, and Academy faculty. I used a sermon I had tried out the Sunday before in another church. Even so, I was quaking in my boots, and felt it did not go well. After the service I said something to Dr.Frantz about my feeling. His response, which I have often quoted, was "We all need the same gospel".

h. Camp Mensch Mill

My first visit to Camp Mensch Mill came in the summer of 1929. Tubby Sayres asked me to go along with him to a meeting of the camp committee. They were buying an old mill that belonged to Adam Mensch, and planned to develop it into a church camp. I now know that Adam Mensch was my distant relative.

I tagged along as the committee members looked over the place, inspected the work that had been done, and talked about what was needed before the first camp session could open. My clearest memory is of the old dam that was destined to become a swimming place. Nobody knew what the bottom of the dam was like, and Tubby and I were delegated to find out. We put on our bathing suits and waded in. We sank to our knees in the stickiest, slimiest mud I ever felt. That was what the whole bottom of the dam was like. Afterwards we lay in the stream below the breast of the dam and let the water wash the

slime away.

I met Fred Wentzel for the first time that day. My memory is of a man from Philadelphia - competent, articulate - who chewed on a blade of grass and spoke Pennsylvania Dutch just like any country farmer.

Later that summer Ann was a counselor in the first camp ever held at Mensch Mill. During the winter or spring of 1930, Fred Wentzel came to the Seminary at the invitation of Nevin Harner. He spoke to one of Nevin's classes about the new camp program. After class he invited me to be a counselor in Senior High and Young People's camps in August. I discovered later that Ann had told him she had a friend who would make a good counselor. Senior High camp came first. I was counselor of a group of boys in the "Pink House", so named because the original brick had been covered by pink stucco. Boys also stayed in the barn. This was on a property owned by Dr. Jacob Rupp, adjoining the original Camp Mensch Mill property.

Ann was still away (either Cornell or Toronto), but returned to be a counselor in the Young People's camp which followed. Other counselors knew that we were "a couple". Thoughtfully, they chose us as the shoppers, which meant almost daily trips to Boyertown or elsewhere. That gave us a little time together. We had decided that we would not stick too closely together, but would do things in the total group. Evidently this decision worked. One day Gladys Mathias asked Ann, "Are you and Lee engaged?" Ann said, "Oh, no, we have not annouced an engagement". "I thought not," replied Gladys, "You don't act like an engaged couple."

For Ann and me, and for many of our friends, Camp had a very special meaning. Later on our children had good camp experiences, but camp did not have the same impact on them. What made camp special for Ann and me? As I try to sort out my memories, I think the basic factor was the pioneering nature of those early camp days. The early camp leaders - men like Wentzel, Sayres, Bonsall - had visions of what the church could be and of Christian experiences for youth. They broke new trails, and we had the thrill of helping to break those trails and of being among the first to walk them.

Among the qualities in the camp experience that impressed me were these:
- Camp brought together a select group of young people and of leaders.
- The relationship among campers and leaders can best be described by such adjectives as open, trusting, honest, authentic.
- We viewed one another with respect and appreciation. For me, this was in contrast with the critical attitude we had developed as students. A student reviews a book critically pointing to what he thinks is wrong. At camp we viewed people and events positively, with focus on what we thought was good.
- The result of these factors was to bring out the best in people.

When Ann and I went to Japan in 1979, we renewed our friendship with Phil Williams, veteran missionary teacher. He remembered me with appreciation as director of the Intermediate Camp at Mensch Mill which he attended as a 13-year-old. He credits Camp with making him

want to be a missionary. He remembers Alliene Dechant as the person who stimulated him most.

8. From Student to Pastor

In the fall of 1930 Dr. Korn asked me to preach one Sunday in the two churches of the Dallastown Charge of the Reformed Church in the United States. I was invited back several times, and then they asked me to be their pastor. Seminary students could be elected as pastors after January 1 of their senior year. In January of 1931 I was chosen as pastor.

For the next five months I lived in two worlds. I carried a full load of seminary courses. Each week-end I went to Dallastown, and conducted morning and evening services each Sunday in St. Paul's Church and morning services in Blymire's Church on alternate Sundays. My small "barrel" of sermons was soon exhausted, and I discovered how difficult it was to have something worth saying to a congregation each Sunday morning and evening.

I no longer remember clearly the feelings I had, as student and as young pastor. I was anxious for the opportunity, because at last I was doing what I had prepared for over the years. I felt that my seminary work had given me a good foundation. I also discovered new tasks for which I was not ready, and I had much to learn. Seminary courses took on new meaning. We students shared ideas. For example, Burt Behrens and I developed a confirmation education program which we both used. I also learned to consult with neighboring pastors. In May of 1931 I was ordained by Zion's Classis and installed as pastor. Oliver Hartman, president of Classis, led the service. Oliver Maurer, pastor in near-by Red Lion, preached the sermon.

9. Graduate Study

Some time in 1937 or 1938 the subject of graduate study for me came up again. It began when Ann suggested, after some years in which more ideas were coming out of me than were coming in, that graduate study might be good. She was right.

By that time Christian education had become more and more important in my ministry. I was spending considerable time developing lay leadership, both in our two congregations and in work with other churches through the York County Sabbath School Association. Though I had taken all the Christian education courses available in Lancaster Seminary, and was doing considerable reading, I felt the need to know more about the theory and practice of education.

By that time we had two daughters. Economic depression had hit hard, with the result that my salary in 1938 was exactly what it had been in 1931 (a depression-induced cut having just been restored). Sabbatical leaves for pastors were unheard of then, and there was no way for me to take time out for study. I had to find a way to do graduate study along with full-time pastorate.

After examining available programs, the best for me appeared to be the Religious Education program of the Graduate School of Education

of the University of Pennsylvania, in Philadelphia. Fred Nolde, professor of Christian Education in Mt. Airy (Lutheran) Theological Seminary, taught Friday evening and Saturday courses at the University. I was able, therefore, to work on church education through him, and on education in general through the excellent faculty of the Graduate School of Education. I began this program in the fall of 1938.

Later that fall, I was invited to become Director of Leadership Education for the Pennsylvania State Council of Christian Education, whose offices were in Philadelphia. We moved to Lansdale, a suburb north of Philadelphia, and I assumed the new position in January, 1939. The State Council agreed to protect my schedule so that I could continue the Friday-Saturday program of graduate classes. When I moved to the staff of the Evangelical and Reformed Board of Christian Education and Publication in 1944 the same arrangement continued, though I had substantially completed my course work for a Ph D by that time.

The graduate study decision was a good one. My insights into education were broadened and deepened through faculty leadership and through contact with the educators who were my fellow students. Graduate study enriched my work with the State Council, and work experience sharpened my study.

In 1940 I earned the M A degree, and was elected to the U of P chapter of Phi Delta Kappa, honorary educational fraternity. We decided that I should continue toward a doctorate. By 1944 I had completed basic course work, and had passed the various examinations that were involved. Only the dissertation remained - and that is a long story. Sixteen years later, as seminary professor, I was granted sabbatical leave for a year. My project was to study the relationships of West Germany's Evangelical Academies to parish churches. That became my dissertation subject and, in 1962, I received my Ph D degree from the University of Pennsylvania.

III MARRIAGE AND FAMILY

Marriage and family are so central to the shaping of my adult life that I can not write of them as a separate story. Much of the story of our life together will be told in "Our Stories", which we are gathering for the possible interest of our children and grand children. Some things, however, need to be said here about our life together, especially during the years in Dallastown

1. Shared Life, Yet Independent

We did not deliberately set out to do so, yet Ann and I have developed a closely shared life in which each encouraged the other to develop independently too. We were married almost four years before Carolyn was born. In those four years we did many things together. We also grew as individuals. Ann could not continue her work as public school teacher, since Pennsylvania law at that time did not allow married women to teach.

Church-related activities took much of our time and energies. Because of Ann's feelings, which I completely shared, she did not assume the roles that some people thought were automatic for a pastor's wife. She did not become president of the Ladies' Aid Society, teach a women's Bible class, and sit in the front row in worship. She did take part as active lay woman in the church. She directed plays, led the Girls' Missionary Guild, supported innovative activities in the women's class which Emma Grim taught, and entered into the general life of both churches.

We did many things together. These included:
- visiting together in homes of the church;
- attending affairs sponsored by the Ministers' and Wives' group;
- attending annual meetings of Potomac Synod. (I went alone the first year, and discovered that the experience of those meetings would be good for both of us.);
- attending conferences and other events together;
- teaching in the first intermediate camp at Mensch Mill in 1932, and also in 1933 and 1934. Carolyn's arrival in 1935 meant Ann's retirement from camp leadership.

We had many good discussions, especially about sermons I was preparing and about Ann's writings. We tended to go at things differently, Ann's mind going in one direction and mine in another. Usually, after we had talked a while, agreement emerged. The result was a position different from that which either of us had taken at first, and usually better than either original position had been.

Ann was asked to write curriculum materials for church school use. She did a number of units for the Reformed Church and at least one for joint Presbyterian and Reformed publication. This was good for Ann, and it helped the budget too. She did other types of writing, including worship resources, and a prize-winning stewardship essay.

In 1934 she was adult advisor to the Christian Youth Council of North America, meeting at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. This was a follow-up of the 1930 organizational meeting of the Christian Youth Council of

North America in Toronto, in which she was one of four delegates sent to represent the Reformed Church in the United States.

2. No Friends in the Congregation

Not long after we returned from our honeymoon and moved into the 11-room parsonage, we had a visit from one of the active women of the church. She gave us a jolt when she said, "I would advise you not to have friends in the congregation. Mrs. Rupp (wife of previous pastor) and I became good friends, and that caused a lot of trouble with other women. So, I will not be visiting the parsonage." She did not, and most others did not either.

3. Instant Middle Age

We were young when we married - Ann 21 and I 24. We were accustomed to having friends and to doing fun things with friends. We soon learned that no one expected friendship with the minister and his wife. They wanted to respect and admire us, to work with us in church and community affairs, but not to be our friends. Young people especially felt that the minister and his wife were "different". Though we were young in years and in spirit, we felt that we had achieved instant middle age.

We were both conscientious, determined to do our best. So, we bent over backwards to meet the expectations of people. We had little social life with Dallastown people. Our social life was outside the congregation. We could "let our hair down" with Ann's Uncle Mart and Aunt Mae Arnold in York, and with the Maurers in Red Lion. We also made trips to Lancaster.

In time we developed good relationships with an excellent group of young people and with some families in our churches. We did not, however, develop close friendships in Dallastown.

4. Parenthood

Our two daughters added important dimensions to our lives. Parenthood was a maturing experience, in more ways than we had anticipated. We went through the stages of parenthood that all parents know:
- the long and sometimes wearisome pregnancy, with its wonder, its expectation, and its fears;
- the miracle of birth, and the awesome responsibility of giving total care to a completely dependant baby;
- the first look of recognition, the first smile, the first word, the first step, the first illness, the first day in school, and all those other firsts that mark the growth of body, mind and person.

We grew and learned, as Carolyn and Marian grew and learned.

5. Three-Generation Family

About the time Carolyn was born Ann's mother came to live with us. Ann's father was working in North Carolina most of the time. Ann's sister had just been married. It seemed better for her mother to live in our big parsonage than to be alone in a Lancaster apartment.

She remained with us for twelve years. Ann and her mother divided house-keeping responsibilities, each doing what she did best and liked best. This gave Ann freedom for writing and for doing things out of the house. Later on, when I took staff positions, Lilian's presence gave me the freedom to do necessary travel with confidence that Ann had help and adult company at home.

The three-generational relationship was a good one. We had no real problems, until the later years when senility set in. It was a special extra for the girls to have their "Nanna" with us during their childhood.

6. By-product of Family, and Products

An unexpected result of having a family was a closer relationship to other people. Being a father helped me relate to other parents. I understood their problems, their hopes and their frustrations better than I had before. In turn, they accepted me differently. They seemed more open, more accepting, to both of us. The result was that having a family of our own added one more factor to the effectiveness of my ministry.

The most important result of having two daughters, however, was the experience of having those two persons in our family. They were delightful as small children. Our picture of them wearing the red velvet dresses that "Nanna" made for them helps us to remember those years. They went, in turn, through the gangly years of stretching from childhood toward youth. They blossomed out in high school, Carolyn in Oak Park and Marian in Lancaster. They matured in college. My heart still skips a beat when I look at the picture of the four of us beside our red Chrysler in Salisbury when we went there to spend a Thanksgiving vacation with Marian. They became competent adults, as we realize when we think of what each of them has achieved, and as we enjoy their children.

7. Our Growth

Through all the years Ann has been dreamer and catalyst. Her mind has always moved swiftly from what is to what could be. My tendency has been to focus on what is and seek to improve it. This is just one example, of many, that shows how different we are. It also shows how we supplement each other, each providing something the other needs.

Our life together has had its share of complications and limitations, but it has been a deeply enriching life. Now, as we are well into retirement, the enrichment is still going on. Life still means growth for us, in our shared life and independently.

IV THE PROFESSIONAL YEARS

Between my graduation from seminary in 1931 and my retirement in 1974 I held five positions: one pastorate and four positions in church education. For me, those were stimulating years and I learned a great deal. My purpose here is not to tell the whole story of the agencies with which I worked and what we did. Rather, I shall indicate briefly what my responsibilities were in those five periods of my professional life, and try to identify the stimulation and change which came about during those years.

Five Positions

1. Pastor, Dallastown Charge of the Reformed Church in the United States, Dallastown, PA, from 1931 through 1938. As pastor of two small churches I was responsible for all phases of the work of those churches. Except for part-time music leader and janitor, I was the total staff of those churches.

2. Director of Leadership Education, Pennsylvania State Council of Christian Education, from January 1939 to the summer of 1944. As staff member, my responsibilities were: working with District and County Sabbath School Associations in Pennsylvania, especially in leadership development; certification of interdenominational leadership schools; some summer responsibilities in Camp Kanesatake; some work in week-day religious education.

3. Director of Leadership Training, Board of Christian Education and Publication of the Evangelical and Reformed Church, from summer of 1944 to summer of 1946. I was responsible for promoting leadership development throughout the denomination, and, specifically, for working with Synod committees on Christian Education to set up summer leadership training programs in camp and campus locations.

4. Director of Leadership Education and Church School Administration, International Council of Religious Education, 1944 to 1952. In 1951, this Council became part of the newly-formed National Council of Churches. My responsibilities were to work with leaders of member denominations and of state councils in promoting leadership development and in improving church school administration; to certify interdenominational leadership schools throughout the country; and to work in behalf of the growing numbers of local church directors or ministers of Christian Education.

5. Professor of Christian Education, Lancaster Theological Seminary, 1952-1974. My primary responsibility was to plan and teach courses in Christian Education. In addition, I administered the summer Lay School of Theology, beginning in 1959; was Dean of the Faculty, 1961-1972; led the first Seminar Abroad in 1964; and shaped a pilot project in continuing education in 1973 and 1974.

Stimulating Factors

What was it that caused those years to be times of special growth for me? With the benefit of a half-century of hindsight, it now appears

to me that at least nine factors were involved, and they combined to make a considerable difference.

1. Finding Myself

The eight years of pastorate became a time to find myself, as person, as pastor, as preacher, as administrator, as motivator. I had to learn what worked, what did not work, and why. More and more, the people of the two churches and I worked together, yet the responsibility rested heavily on me. It was with Ann that the probing conversations took place. We talked at length about what was needed, how things were going, what should be tried and how. We had our share of good, dedicated people in both churches. However the churches were small, competent leaders were few, and economic depression imposed its limits on us. Valuable stimulation came through the York County Sabbath School Association in which I became active, through denominational and interdenominational ministerial asociations, and through church camps in which Ann and I were involved.

As I said above (see "Graduate Study", chapter II), my ministry came to focus more and more on Christian education. That was where my interests, and our successes, seemed to lie. This focus led me into four positions in church education in which I worked during the rest of my professional life.

2. Shared leadership, instead of "going it alone".

When I became a member of a staff, I was responsible not for the whole agency but for my own department, the part of the agency for which I was best suited by temperament and experience. Our departments were closely related. What was done through leadership education (my department) involved people in children's work, youth work, and adult work (the departments of three of my colleagues). Therefore we had to work together closely. This meant staff meetings, planning, evaluation, conferences and workshops. As we worked together, we learned from one another. That was a valuable experience for me.

My six years on the staff of the International Council of Religious Education and National Council of Churches were years of especially significant growth. The formation of the National Council of Churches was a high point in American church life. Dr.Roy Ross, executive of the ICRE and later of the NCC, was one of the central figures in that process. As I watched him and others at work, I learned a great deal about the workings of the church and its agencies.

One of my special memories of staff relationship is of a staff retreat of the Division of Christian Education of the NCC at Conference Point Camp on the shores of Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. We needed time to review what was going on in our separate departments, to evaluate, and to plan. We said that worship must be an important part of the retreat experience. For several days we worked hard on our common concerns. The next day (Sunday, if I remember correctly) we set aside a sizable block of time for worship. Dr. Gerald Knoff, our executive, was worship leader. About twenty of us were seated about a table on a porch overlooking the lake. Dr. Knoff led us in

thinking about each member of the group, one at a time - the person, his/her family, something important in personal or vocational life of that person, concluding with prayers of all focused on that person. So we went around the table.

Prayers and communion liturgy from the major denominations were used - so that each of us felt at home. Incidentally, we discovered that many of these gems of liturgy belong to all of us. When the loaf was passed, we learned that a young man in the kitchen had stayed up half the night to bake a special loaf that he thought would be just right for that communion service. There was a rare depth of feeling and commitment as the loaf and the cup passed from one to another around the table.

3. I found myself working side by side with people to whom I had been looking as leaders and experts, and I was expected to perform at their level.

On the State Council staff, my office was next to that of Edward Bonsall, whom I had long admired as state and national youth leader. On the Evangelical and Reformed staff, I worked beside the same Fred Wentzel and Alfred Sayres whom I had come to know as church leaders while I was a student. Committees and staff of the National Council of Churches were loaded with people whose books I had read and whom I had cited as authorities.

It was stimulating, and sometimes intimidating, to be expected to function at the level of these people. They never "pulled rank". They accepted me as one of them and expected me to pull my share of the load. It was an important part of my personal and professional maturing to move in those church leadership circles.

A conversation, early in my staff days, helped orient me to this staff relationship. The Baptist Christian Education executive for Pennsylvania asked me how I felt about moving from a parish to a state staff. I answered that I was enjoying it, but that I was missing the day-to-day contact with members of a congregation. He nodded, then said, "Soon you will find that your relationship with staff and committee colleagues will give you that same sense of relationship." He was right.

4. We were engaged in important enterprises that none of us could have handled alone.

Each of the three agencies with which I held staff positions (see above) had a considerably larger area of responsibility than the preceding one. That meant not only more geographical territory but more and wider functions as well. In moving from a parish to the State Council, I had to think in terms of a whole state and of many denominations. We were not involved in such tasks as publication and curriculum development. On a denominational staff we had to be concerned about the program needs of churches of that denomination throughout the country. We had to publish and distribute materials that all those churches could use. On the National Council staff, we had to be aware of the needs and resources of churches throughout the United States and Canada, and it was our task to set in motion

enterprises that would be helpful to all those churches.

The Revised Standard Version of the Bible provided a good example of the breadth and depth of that responsibility. Up to that time (the 1940s), most people read the King James version of the Bible. A few scholars had prepared their own translations, but these were not widely accepted. Both biblical scholars and church educators were generally agreed that the time had come for a new translation. The International Council of Religious Education invited leading biblical scholars to work as translation teams for Old and New Testaments. Using all available resources, they worked long and hard. The Revised Standard Version of the New Testament was published in 1946, while the Old Testament team continued to work at its larger and more complicated task.

Meanwhile, in the Middle East, there was an exciting biblical find, the Dead Sea Scrolls. A young American scholar, Dr. John Trever, was acting director of the American School for Oriental Research in Jerusalem when some of the newly found scrolls were brought there. He played an important role in making them available to the public. Trever accepted an invitation from ICRE to come to our staff as head of the newly-established Department of English Bible. The Old Testament committee was well along in its work, but they were still able to take some of the Dead Sea Scroll findings into account in the new translation.

By 1952, the Old Testament was published, and the Revised Standard Version Bible was complete. That did not mean that it was accepted by everyone as "the Bible". Since most people knew nothing about it, and many were fearful that a new translation might undermine the faith, it was important to do a thorough job of interpretatiion and education. This called for the best skills that the Council staff and committees could muster. It is a tribute to the quality of work that was done that before long large numbers of people were turning to the RSV as their favorite Bible for reading and study.

That Bible enterprise was not the work of any one person, department or agency. It provided a good example of a task that was too big for one person to handle. Now, years after RSV was published, a number of other good translations have been produced, and have enriched our use of the Bible. I believe it is valid to say that the RSV enterprise was a major factor in making this biblical development possible. Certainly, those of us who were involved in it grew considerably in the process.

5. I moved back and forth between denominational and interdenominational agencies.

In positions 1, 3 and 5 my work was essentially denominational. In positions 2 and 4 my work was interdenominational. This change raised questions for some people. My mother, for example, had the feeling that when I left a pastorate for work with the State Council of Christian Education I had "left the ministry". My feeling was that I had moved from one type of ministry to another, and from one context for ministry to another. To me, each type and each context was equally valid.

I gained insights that were most useful. To work interdenominationally did not mean to reject one's denomination. It meant that people of different denominations worked together in enterprises that were important to all of them. "Church" took on new meaning, as the uniqueness of each denomination enriched the meaning of "Church" for all of us.

Some of the questions we faced were: What can and should churches do separately, and what can and should they do together - at all levels from local church to world? What can churches learn from one another, without sacrificing basics of the faith? How can churches and leaders work together without compromising principles that are essential?

I came to see that what churches of different denominations have in common is greater by far than that which sets them apart from one another.

6. Work and family - separate, yet together.

The change from pastor to agency staff member meant considerable change in our family life style. No longer was my office in the house. We lived in a suburb, while my office was in a city twenty-five miles away (Philadelphia) or ten miles away (Chicago). My engagements took me throughout the state of Pennsylvania at first, and then throughout the United States and even into Canada. My absences ranged from several days at a time to several weeks or more. There were periods when I was away from one-third to one-half of the time. Carolyn was almost four and Marian almost one when this began, and it lasted more than thirteen years. Ann carried major responsibility for life in our home during those years.

Three of our decisions led to good family life, in spite of the times of separation. When I was on field trips we did a lot of letter-writing. When I was not away, I did my work in the office and kept evenings and week-ends for the family. When one of us made a discipline decision affecting the children, the other would accept and cooperate with it.

Furthermore, summers were great family times. Each summer from 1940 to 1944 we spent about two months at Camp Kanesatake. I had camp program responsibilities, but we had a family cabin and spent much time together. During the National Council years (1946-1952) I needed to spend some time each summer at Conference Point Camp. One of the buildings, "Oak Lawn", was reserved for staff families, and we sometimes spent a week or two there.

When we moved to Lancaster, Carolyn entered college. Marian did the same three years later, and then we were a day-to-day family of two again. We lived just across Pine Street from the Seminary campus, and Ann was involved in numerous relationships with faculty and students. She also did several different types of teaching, specialized in remedial reading, and resumed her program of study. At age sixty she received her bachelor's degree at Millersville State College, and her master's degree at age sixty-three. The next year, the last before my retirement from the Seminary faculty, she directed the Reading

Improvement Program at Franklin and Marshall College. During those years I had two sabbatical leaves which involved international travel, and they were enriching times for Ann and me. Not only did we have the benefit of intercultural experience (see below) but we had valuable time together. We traveled together, talked together, read together, shopped together, window-shopped together (in Marburg just before Christmas). In short, we reaffirmed the ties that held us together.

7. Seminary teaching was different from staff service, yet in some ways it was similar.

The Christian Education theory and practice with which I worked remained the same. However, instead of dealing with it in conferences and written articles for an ever-changing array of strongly motivated adults, I had to utilize that theory and practice in one Seminary course after another, facing week after week the same group of unconvinced students. In field outreach, my task had been to interpret to active church workers the results of research and experience in the educational work of the church, usually in a short period of time. In Seminary teaching, I had to deal not only with the end results of research and experience, but with the whole educational process itself and with ways of making that process effective in the growth of students and in the varied settings of parish churches.

In Seminary, each professor was responsible for his own department, with its own subject matter. The relation among departments was not as close as that among departments of a staff. Over the years we found ways of working together as faculty, and of encouraging students to integrate their separate learnings into coherent practice in ministry.

At first, the orbit of influence of Lancaster Seminary seemed much smaller than that of the National Council of Churches. It was denominational rather than ecumenical in sponsorship. The spirit of the Seminary was ecumenical, however, and its outreach widened. Gradually we drew a larger proportion of students from other denominations and from other countries. The faculty also became more inclusive, beginning with a Roman Catholic colleague.

Lancaster Seminary was regional in constituency and outreach. Yet this regional seminary made it possible for us to have a world exposure, and to involve our students in at least some of that world exposure. (See "International Travel" below.)

8. Horizons became wider and wider.

The world which I came to know as staff member and as seminary professor was a much wider world than that which I knew as a boy in Pennsylvania. That story I shall tell more fully below (chapter V), but widening horizons need to be noted here as important factors in the shaping of my life.

9. Much Has Been Given

It is tempting to assume that the achievements of a professional career have been earned, that they resulted from study, from long hours of work, and from professional competence. This temptation is to be avoided. The more deeply I probe the memories of my life-time, the more I realize the importance, not of what I have earned, but of what was given to me.

I did not earn the Judaeo-Christian faith. The Bible has preserved the faith-story. The church has interpreted and communicated that story. I did not create that story, nor did I earn a place in it. It came as gift, and it greatly enriched my life.

I did not earn the European-American culture into which I was born. It came as gift from the people of Europe who developed their culture, with its learning, arts, government and social structures; and from our immigrant ancestors who preserved and modified the culture which they brought with them to the "new world".

I did not earn the genes which determined the color of my hair, the shape of my body, and the potential of my mind. Nor did I earn the context of family love in which I grew up, and the later context of family love in which Ann and I and our daughters and their families lived. These were gifts that greatly enriched my life.

I did not earn what teachers did for me in my student years, and what I later gained from colleagues with whom I worked. I learned to be open to these people and to gain benefits from their insights and encouragement, but in no way can I claim to have earned what came to me through them.

In this process of reflection, I have recognized more clearly than ever before the gifts that have come to me from many people. But what about the gifts which came, not from people, but from God?

In one sense the gifts that came from people are, in reality, gifts from God. In the marvelously complex acts of creation, God produced life and genes, and physical structures, and gifts of spirit, one of which is love. In this sense the whole wonderful, complicated, and often frustrating existence we know is God's gift to all of us.

I also believe that some of God's gifts have come in special ways to me, just as other gifts of God have come to you who are reading these pages. To show what I mean by such unique gifts, I cite two examples:

a. There have been times when my colleagues and I were engaged in difficult tasks. Some of our efforts were productive and some failed, in varying degrees. Many times we were surprised at our successes. What we said, or wrote, or did was better than we knew. Looking back on our effort, we had the feeling that something had been added. There had been no audible divine voice. No divine hand had reached down to guide our hands. Yet we had the distinct sense that we had been empowered by some source beyond ourselves. This does not mean

that we saw ourselves as "favorite children" of God who had been singled out for special treatment. There were other times when the same people met and did not feel empowered. We could not be sure, for that sense of empowerment was not something we had produced or could control. We felt, in realistic humility, that some of our efforts were sufficiently in tune with the mind of God that divine Spirit empowered those efforts. These were gifts of God to us, God's inspiration.

b. Both Ann and I have survived health crises that might well have caused our deaths, notably Ann's cancer in 1972 and my hyponatremia in 1987. Each of us looks on these experiences as times when the gift of life was renewed for us. Those were times when we realized that each new day is not to be taken for granted, but is to be received as God's gift of life

It is in this context of unearned gifts that each of us lives his/her life. It is in gratitude for God's gifts, both general and specific, that I look back over the years I have lived.

V INTERNATIONAL TRAVEL

We did no international travel, except for a few sorties into Canada, until after our daughters had graduated from college. Beginning in 1956, the year Carolyn graduated from Oberlin, there have been twelve experiences of international travel involving one or more of us. (This does not include travel by our daughters and their families after their marriages).

My purpose in writing about international travel is to show its life-changing significance for us, not to tell what happened in those travel experiences. For purposes of identification, I shall indicate where we went, when, and why.

1. In the summer of 1956, Carolyn joined a student seminar to Europe, sponsored by the Evangelical and Reformed Church and led by Dr. Charles Spotts. They visited Germany and Switzerland. A high point was Kirchentag, in Frankfurt. This was her college graduation gift from her parents.

2. In the summer of 1959, Marian joined the same kind of seminar. They visited Germany and Switzerland. A high point was Kirchentag, in Munich. This was her graduation gift from her parents.

3. In 1960-61 I was granted a year of sabbatical leave. As we planned the year it had two major purposes: 1 - a study of the relationship of the Evangelical Academies of West Germany to parish churches (my Ph D subject), 2 - visits to Church World Service centers in Europe and Asia (Ann's special interest).

We devoted about six months to my study of Academy-parish relationships. We visited twelve of the thirteen West German Academies in order to secure first-hand information about their relationship to parish churches. In these vists we met with Academy staff members and also with representative participants in Academy programs.

In the spring of 1961 we visited centers of Church World Service work in Germany, Greece, Jordan, Pakistan, India, Burma and Hong Kong.

During the year we also took part in a number of significant events, including:
- a meeting of the Board of Managers of the World Council of Christian Education in Berlin,
- a Christian education program for U. S. Air Force chaplains which began with a seminar in Wiesbaden, followed by consultations in Libya, Morocco, Spain and England,
- a retreat for United Church of Christ military personnel in Berchtesgaden,
- a conference on leadership in Nyon, Switzerland, sponsored by the World Council of Churches, the World Council of Christian Education, the Y M C A, the Y W C A, and the World Student Christian Federation.

4. In September 1964, we led the first Seminar Abroad of Lancaster Theological Seminary, meeting church and society leaders in Germany

and Switzerland. Thirty-two Lancaster students and eight German students of theology were involved.

5. In the winter of 1965, Ann joined the U C C Stewardship Council travel program to Puerto Rico, observing church-related programs there.

6. In the summer and fall of 1966, I had a second sabbatical leave. The major purpose was to observe changing cultures and structures in Africa. En route to Africa, we traveled in Ireland, England, Germany and Italy. For two weeks I was part of a Conference on Experiments in Theological Education, sponsored by the Institute for Advanced Pastoral Studies in cooperation with the World Council of Churches, the British Council of Churches and the National Council of Churches in the U S A. After traveling as tourists in Egypt and Ethiopia, we visited with missionaries, church leaders, former students and friends in Kenya, South Africa, Zambia, Togo and Ghana. For several weeks I taught a "crash course" in Christian Education in Federal Theological Seminary, then located in Alice, Cape Province, South Africa. I also explored non-verbal communication as circumstances allowed.

7. In the summer of 1969, Ann and I led a Friends of the Seminary tour in which fifteen people participated. We had special opportunities for conversation with groups of people in Berlin, Stuttgart (in connection with Kirchentag), Geneva and Rome.

8. In the summer of 1970, we and the four Toths had a family month in Europe. Marian's pregnancy kept the Schweitzers from joining us. Highlights were the Passion Play at Oberammergau, visits with German friends, and Hinkle family genealogical research.

9. In the summer of 1972, Ann took part in a Millersville College study of open classroom situations in England. This was part of her graduate study program.

10. In 1974-75, Ann and I spent our first year of retirement in Hawaii, joined part of the time by the Toths. I was interim pastor of two churches: Windward United Church of Christ, Kailua, Oahu, and First United Protestant Church, Hilo, Hawaii. Though this was not international travel, I list it here because it exposed us to Pacific Island cultures, and gave us a new awareness of Asia.

11. The school year of 1979-80 found Ann and me in Japan. Ann was teacher in the small Sendai American School, and I a volunteer missionary for the year. En route home we spent a month in Hawaii where I was vacation pastor in Windward Church. The Schweitzers joined us there.

12. In the fall of 1985, Ann and I went to Germany to try to fill in some of the gaps in our knowledge of our German ancestors. After an excellent start, torn retinas in both of my eyes cut the trip short. Skilled laser therapy in Heilbronn solved the retina problems. We had excellent visits with good German friends. Some genealogical gaps were filled, but others remain.

In view of the profound effect which these opportunities for international travel had on us, it is hard to leave them with these sketchy comments. To interpret each of them adequately, however, would require volumes, and would take us far beyond the purpose of this writing. I shall try now to summarize the effect of international travel on our later years.

A. We were introduced to the cultures of other countries and parts of the world.

In most cases, it was more than a superficial introduction. In Europe, Asia and Africa our contact persons were mostly recognized church leaders. In Asia and Africa, these leaders included missionaries, former students and friends. Our lodging was often provided in the homes of these people, or in church-related centers. We read the books and magazines of our hosts. We read papers and source materials which they recommended. We had long conversations with these people, learning much from them. Several examples show how these introductions to culture took place.

Germany: During our first major trip (#3 above) we had months of exposure to church and society in Germany. Most of our contacts and insights came through the Evangelical Academies, which started after World War II as centers where people could discuss the problems of German society. We learned what Academy leaders and Academy participants considered the major problems. We saw the church at work, both locally and regionally. I had more than one hundred interviews with people, ranging from top leaders in the Academies to representative participants in Academy programs.

Inevitably, we compared German church and society with American church and society. My first impulse was to think, "We do it better". But then we began to learn of enterprises in which they did very well, and we could learn from them. The point was not to find which is better but to enable each to learn from the other.

This kind of reflection led to a useful concept which I then called "creative tension". We frequently found some practice where the German way and the American way differed. Often, we discovered that if these contrasting ways were examined carefully enough, it was possible to find a way that was better than either. If these differing ways were held together in creative tension, new and better ways could be devised.

Refugees and needy people: We thought we knew about refugees. We had heard and read reports about them. We had contributed to their relief. But then we saw them, in country after country, by the thousands. THAT was different! We began to see some of the stubbornly complex causes of poverty around the world, and some of the stubbornly complex reasons why people become refugees. The problems are so complicated as to defy solution. There are, therefore, no easy answers and no quick fixes. But Christians cannot give up in discouragement. We came to a new sense of the urgency, the difficulty, and the promise of mission.

In Germany we saw the effects of the wholesale relocation of people.

3. Sri Lanka. In 1961 we visited our friend and former student, Ruby Navaratnasingam, in Jaffna. We were under martial law because of friction between the Tamil minority and the Sinhalese majority. Since then the problem has remained and violence has increased dramatically on both sides. Many people have moved to other countries, and many have been killed. Those who remain, like Ruby and her sister, are in constant danger.

4. South African Apartheid. We were in South Africa in 1966 when Prime Minister Verwoerd was assassinated. We saw the difference between white ("European") areas and the townships where blacks and coloreds are required to live. As we talked with whites and blacks, with Afrikaners and missionaries, we sensed the mixture of fears and hopes that makes the racial question of South Africa hard to understand and far harder to resolve.

C. We formed lasting friendships.

Not only did we meet many people in the course of travel, we formed a number of lasting friendships. We have a German "daughter" and two Japanese "daughters" as well as two namesakes in Kenya.

Our German friends include a family of four. Ann, Marian and I were at the wedding of the German groom and the American bride. Marian was present at the baptism of their son in Germany. Ann and I were present at the baptism of their daughter in Zambia. They have visited in our home, and we in theirs. Scores of overseas people have been guests in our home. Most of these visits were attributable to our international travel.

As our year in Japan drew to a close, several people spoke or wrote of the close relationships that had developed between us and people and groups in Japan. Since our return (1980) many of these relationships have continued through correspondence, and some in personal meetings in the United States.

These various personal relationships have sharpened our interest in world developments.

D. We read, hear, and respond to world news differently.

For many years we tried to be informed world citizens. We read newspapers and periodicals and heard reports through electronic media. In so doing we sought to know what was going on, not only in the United States but throughout the world. This was often difficult because we did not have personal experience with the rest of the world. Though our international travel did not solve this problem fully, it helped a great deal.

Some world news reports deal with countries we have visited and places we have seen. This heightens our interest, even if the content of the reports would not otherwise have high priority for us. If a report deals with a situation or issue which we already know, we receive that report with deepened understanding. When reports deal with places and events which we do not know personally, we receive them differently from the way we received such before our

international travel. These contacts have increased our understanding of, and our sensitivity to, places and events which we do not know.

We have also been enabled to participate more effectively in world-oriented discussion and enterprises. The insights we gained make us better able to talk about world developments and world concerns. A good example of this is the Great Decisions program, sponsored by the Foreign Policy Association. Our participation is quite different from what it would have been thirty years ago.

It was not travel alone that brought about these wider interests and deeper understandings. It was travel - plus. The "plus" includes what we learned from our mentors and hosts, and from people we met. The "plus" includes continuing relationship with some of these people. The "plus" includes insights and knowledge that have accumulated over the years since then. The world has grown smaller, and people have come closer to us, than was the case thirty years ago. As a result, our lives have been shaped anew.

VI RETIREMENT

"Grow old along with me.
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hands
Who sayeth, 'A whole I planned,'
Youth shows but half, trust God, see all, nor
be afraid."

In the 'wisdom" of youth we read these words of Browning with skepticism because we were sure that the vigor of youth was better than the weariness of old age. Mostly, we read the first line or two of the quotation and stopped there. Now that we are in "the last of life" we are learning more of what the poet meant.

In retirement we have found a new life that is far better than we had expected it to be. We have, of course, not regained the vigor of youth, but we have found new friends, new stimulation, new opportunity, new relationships. We are learning more about the "whole" which God planned.

Design and Accident

We moved into retirement partly by design and partly by accident. Two accidental developments in 1972 did much to shape our retirement plans. The first was hurricane "Agnes" in June. Ann had gone to England as part of a Millersville State College program. She returned on June 22, her birthday. Our plan was to go to our cottage for several days. The hurricane changed that plan. Moving in a figure-eight pattern over the Susquehanna River valley, "Agnes" flooded all the streams and produced the worst flood that river had ever known. Our cottage, which we had planned to use for long summers in retirement, was totally destroyed.

The second accidental development was a serious cancer bout for Ann. No problem had been detected in an April physical examination. By August, Ann sensed a problem, which was confirmed by physician and surgeon. The surgeon performed a mastectomy, discovered malignancy, and prescribed cobalt radiation. Ann's faith and courage as she worked through this crisis were remarkable. She accepted the bad news, coped with the effects of radiation, and even continued work on her graduate reading education program. She received her master's degree in 1973, and spent the academic year of 1973-74 as Director of the Reading Improvement Program of Franklin and Marshall College.

Before these accidental developments, we had thought about retirement. We would retire, perhaps before the mandatory date of 1977, would spend long summers in the Brunner's Island cottage, and spend the winter months somewhere else. Seminary policy called for retirement from administrative positions at age 65 and from teaching at age 70. In accord with this policy, I withdrew from the deanship in 1972, but remained on the faculty as Professor of Christian Education. My teaching load had been relatively light, to allow time and energy for my work as Dean of the Faculty. When I was no longer dean, I devoted a major part of my time to Continuing Education. In

cooperation with our constituent U C C Conferences, we developed a pilot project to test a consultative model of continuing education for pastors. This project was to conclude in the spring of 1975.

The events of 1972 led to an acceleration of our retirement plans. Our new intent was to retire in the summer of 1975. At that point I would be 68. The pilot project in continuing education would be finished. Our new retirement home would be ready and waiting for us. (See "The Uplands Decision" below.)

We felt that the change from full-time work for both of us to complete retirement would be a drastic change, and difficult. We thought it would be useful to find, somewhere, a temporary part-time role. In December, 1973, we wrote letters to various places saying that we planned to retire in the summer of 1975, and inquiring about possibilities for part-time service.

At this point there was another accidental development, far better than the other two. A response to one of our December letters came from Hawaii, suggesting that I serve as interim pastor for seven months, beginning in July of 1974. That was a year too early! Wondering how the Hawaiian pastor could have made such a mistake, I checked the carbon copies of the December letters. All were correct, except for the letter to Hawaii, which said that we planned to retire in the summer of 1973. That date was obviously wrong, and the pastor assumed that we meant 1974.

The more we thought about it, the better a 1974 retirement looked. It would enable the next director of continuing education to complete the pilot project and build from it into a new program. It would spare me from a lame-duck year on the faculty. It would give us an excellent setting in which to "bridge into" retirement. The President and Dean of Lancaster Seminary agreed to my early retirement, and the Board concurred. Ann concluded her work in the Reading Improvement Program. By that time our house in Pleasant Hill was completed and rented to friends. A second church in Hawaii invited me to assume a 5-month interim pastorate from February through June of 1975, making a full year of interim pastorate in Hawaii.

Therefore, in July of 1974, we put our furniture in storage and left for a year of bridging into retirement on two Hawaiian islands. So began our retirement by design and by accident.

<u>The Uplands Decision</u>

Since our decision to become part of the Uplands Retirement Village in Pleasant Hill, Tennessee, was central to our retirement, that story needs to be told.

Our first real knowledge of Uplands came early in 1972 from Dr. Richard Braun, then a medical missionary in Ghana. He was on a speaking tour of churches in the Lancaster area and was our house guest for some days. One of our conversations included retirement plans. His parents (our long time friends) had moved to Uplands and were very happy there. He urged us to look into Uplands before we made our retirement decisions. We agreed, but at that point we had no

real reason to leave Pennsylvania.

Then came "Agnes". Because the cottage was to be a retirement residence, we were eligible for a Small Business Administration disaster loan. Our application was filed and accepted. We had no intention to rebuild on the flood-prone banks of the Susquehanna. We were faced, therefore, with the need to find another retirement location rather quickly. We decided to spend August of 1972 looking into various southern retirement locations, including Uplands. We had scarcely begun the trip when we had to return, because of health problems of my parents who were living with us.

Before we had a chance to cancel our reservation at Uplands, I was invited to conduct a worship service and lead a discussion in the (Uplands) Wharton Nursing Home. We decided we might as well do at least that much of our investigation of retirement communities. Once in Uplands, we began meeting people we already knew. I knew about 20, and Ann knew many of them also. One after another, these people invited us to join them in a community they obviously enjoyed. We returned in November to verify our August feelings. During that visit we arranged for life-lease of a Yonside lot and made preliminary arrangements to build a house the following summer.

We spent the summer of 1973 in Pleasant Hill watching over the building of our house, making the decisions that were involved, and lending unskilled hands to the building from time to time. When we had to return to Lancaster for the September Seminary program, the house was not finished but the end was in sight.

Several factors prompted our Uplands decision, and these factors have stood up well in our later experience here.

1. People came first. Some we had known as friends and colleagues. They were quite diverse - in vocation, in religious background, in interests. It was obvious that they knew one another well and cared for one another. Later on, a study showed that these people had worked overseas in fifteen different countries and that they had come from 23 different states in the United States.

2. Concept was important. Different levels of care were available, ranging from independent living to nursing care. Residential options were available: rental, private ownership, one-room apartments, larger apartments, houses in different settings, building lots in different locations. To retire in Uplands did not mean surrendering independence. We could make our own decisions as long as we were capable. In Uplands, rules and regulations are established as needed, but are kept to a minimum. Program and activities are, of course, developed for the nursing home. For the rest of us, program is what we make it, not what someone else decides for us.

3. Costs were affordable. This applied to initial costs, to rental and purchase costs, and to fees for everything up to and including the nursing home. Costs have increased since then, but they are still lower than most.

As these reflections are written, Ann and I have been here thirteen

years and are happy with our choice.

A Year in Hawaii

The Uplands decision had been made, the house was built and rented to friends, and then we took our first real step into retirement.

For seven months I was interim pastor of Windward U C C, Kailua, Oahu, while the pastor was on study leave. For five months after that we were in Hilo, Hawaii, where I was interim pastor of First United Protestant Church (UCC). That pastor, too, was on study leave. In each case we lived in the pastor's house, and had the use of a church-owned automobile.

That was a delightful year for us. The climate was superb. The life style was comfortable - in Hawaii they get things done, but nobody is in a hurry. Every racial group was a minority, and interracial marriages produced beautiful daughters and handsome sons. We learned how it felt to live in the Pacific and to be exposed to island cultures. Asia was, suddenly, much closer. In Kailua we had suburban life, just a few miles from the sprawling city of Honolulu. In Hilo, we had the life of a small city on the large and sparsely settled island of Hawaii. Life in those islands has its problems as well as its privileges. We were there long enough to share in both.

Many Hawaiian words slip into ordinary conversation, not only the familiar "aloha". One such is "kamaaina", a word used for a person who has been there a long time and is at home there. One of the nicest compliments we received in Hawaii came from one of our church friends who said we were "instant kamaainas". Much more could be said about Hawaii, but this is enough to show that it was a good place to bridge into retirement.

Life in Uplands and Pleasant Hill

It was late August, 1975, when we set up official residence in Pleasant Hill. Little by little we discovered what it is like to live here.

We learned about social life quickly. Our date book showed that we were invited out fifteen times in our first month! The occasion may have been a meal with neighbors, or an evening of bridge, or a meeting with a group of new neighbors, or just friendly conversation. We learned that it was not necessary to plan a program. All we had to do was bring a group of people together, and a stimulating conversation was sure to emerge. Some of the best conversations happened when neighbors met in somebody's yard, in the post office, or on a golf course. We came to enjoy our neighbors.

Volunteer service is an important part of life here, and has been so for us. Some of this service takes place through the Pleasant Hill Community Church to which most (but not all) of us belong. Ann and/or I have served on the Committee of Christian Education, the Board of Deacons, the Stewardship and Church Support Committee, the Peace Committee, the Church Council, the office of Moderator, and the Choir.

The Uplands Retirement Village has plenty of opportunity for volunteer effort. We are both members of the Wharton Home Auxiliary. Ann has held office in the Auxiliary and has spent many hours as volunteer receptionist at Wharton. We have both been coopted members of Uplands Board committees, and of committees of the Task Force that reviewed the Uplands operation in 1986. I was a member of the Task Force and am currently on the Uplands Board of Directors.

A number of regional organizations and activities have developed. We have avoided some of these, because life just became too full. We (I, especially) have been active in Cumberland Countians for Peace. We have attended the World Affairs Institute, held annually in North Carolina by the American Freedom Association. I was for a time on the A F A Board. Tennessee representatives in state legislature and in Congress take their constituents seriously. They schedule open meetings from time to time, and they answer our letters. They report getting more mail from Pleasant Hill than from anywhere else.

On a more personal level, we have both developed writing projects. These began with genealogy. When we went to Europe in 1960, one of our goals was to learn something about our European ancestors. We made some progress then, and have kept at it over the years, especially since retirement. When we spent nine months in an interim pastorate in Lancaster (1977-78) Ann spent countless hours in the denominational archives at Lancaster Theological Seminary. On our northward trips, we regularly spent much time in family research. We accumulated a great deal of material, but never took the time to organize it. Finally, as 1985 drew near, we declared it to be a year of "sabbatical leave" - no offices, no committees. We would concentrate on genealogy, and we did.

Ann produced two volumes, with three copies of each. They are her personal family history, including many pictures, carefully prepared charts covering every generation of her ancestral families, and narrative accounts dealing with her memories and her discoveries. The first volume covers her families in America. The second volume deals with the families in Europe.

I have been able to identify ten immigrant ancestors. I put my information about them into one volume and prepared twenty-five copies. Most were given to family, to libraries, and to historical societies. I sketched the historical situation in which my ancestors lived in Europe and in Pennsylvania, and told the stories of nine families, with narratives, charts, pictures and maps.

We are now in the next stage of our writing projects. The piece you are reading is mine. Ann is recording the kind of personal story she wishes her parents and grandparents had told. We leave these writings primarily to our children and grand children, hoping to deepen for them their sense of the continuity of life.

Distance means that we do not see our children and grand children very often. We do a lot of telephoning, and that helps us keep in touch. It is good to hear the voices of those we love. In addition to the times when one or more of the Toths or Schweitzers have been

here, and the times we have visited them, two family times stand out.

One was June 30, 1981, when our whole family was here to help celebrate our 50th wedding anniversary. We had the use of Heritage Hall, and invited all our neighbors to join us. The four grand children decorated Heritage Hall, setting up a montage of family photographs. Brian and Tim did the heavy work. Erika had charge of the guest book. Marian modeled Ann's wedding dress. George took pictures. Carolyn and Andrea served punch. It was great to have our family and our Uplands neighbors meet!

The other special time was April 1987, when Carolyn and Marian came here, primarily to celebrate my 80th birthday. As Marian said, it was the first time in 25 years that just the four of us had been together. We expanded the celebration to cover the birthdays of all four of us. That meant that we were celebrating 258 years. We had three days of continuous conversation, and it felt wonderful!

Work with Three Churches

In addition to the year in Hawaii, our retirement was interrupted and enriched three times by requests to work with churches.

1. Fairfield Glade Community Church

In 1976 a group of people in nearby Fairfield Glade asked three retired clergy from Pleasant Hill to meet with the board of their newly chartered church. They wanted our suggestions about how to become a truly interdenominational (not non-denominational) church. Subsequently, Dr. Wilfred Scopes, retired India missionary, and I agreed to work with them. We led worship services, rotating month by month. Dr.Scopes did most of the pastoral work, while I took responsibility for administration and planning. A year and a half later, after much thought and prayer, and many meetings, the church was accepted by the Presbyterian Church in the U S A and by the United Church of Christ, and was ready to call a full-time pastor. Now, ten years later, the church has about 400 members, has its own building, and is in the process of building a new and larger sanctuary.

2. St. Peter's U C C, Lancaster, PA.

Late in 1977 a crisis developed in St. Peter's Church, which called for a long interim ministry. On invitation from the Conference Minister and the Church Consistory, we accepted. That meant living in Lancaster for a period which extended to nine months.

The setting was familiar to both of us. St. Peter's was the church that contributed a great deal to Ann's development, and that taught me a great deal about ministry. AND St. Peter's is where Ann and I found each other, and there we were married. The church building is across Buchanan Avenue from the Franklin and Marshall College campus, and is just one block from the Seminary campus. For more than ten years, in the fifties and sixties, we had been members of St. Peter's.

We had reunions and deepening relationships with people of St.

Peter's. We were back in Seminary circles, living in a campus apartment part of the time. As in the other interims, this was an opportunity to test out in parish reality what we had learned over the years. After nine months we felt we had accomplished about as much as we could on an interim basis. Another interim pastor was available for the months until a pastor could be called. We therefore returned to our life in Pleasant Hill.

3. Brookmeade Congregational (U C C) Church

In the summer of 1982 we were approached about an interim pastorate in Brookmeade, one of the three U C C churches in Nashville. After a good exploratory conversation with the church's Search Commitee, it was agreed that we go on a half-time basis. The church rented an apartment for us on the Scarritt College campus. During good weather, we divided our time about equally between Nashville and Pleasant Hill. In January and February, we simply stayed in Nashville.

Brookmeade is a diverse and challenging congregation. It includes business people, mostly at the managerial level; graduate students; some faculty and clergy; a goodly number of single parents; people who are concerned and articulate supporters of a wide variety of causes. Two Vanderbilt Divinity School students were assigned to the church for field education. This relationship was good for the students and for the church. A Vanderbilt Doctor of Ministry candidate, who was an active member of Brookmeade, was part-time coordinator for the Alabama-Tennessee Association of the U C C, working out of the church office. He became a candidate for the pastorate of Brookmeade. After a thorough search in which many resumes were studied and several persons interviewed, he was recommended by the Search Committee and elected by the congregation. We had seven good months working with the gifted people of that congregation, and then returned once more to our retirement life in Pleasant Hill.

A Year in Japan

Between the Lancaster and Nashville interim pastorates, came a fabulous year in Japan. Ann was invited to be teacher of the Sendai American School, whose purpose was to provide American elementary education for the children of missionaries. (High school students went to Tokyo.) As missionaries grew older, and as fewer career missionaries came, the number of elementary school children declined. For the 1979-80 school year, there were just three children, one each in grades six, seven and eight. That was to be the last year of the school, and they asked Ann to be the teacher. I was asked to be a volunteer missionary, "working informally with the schools and the churches" as the Board document put it. The school, including a small apartment for the teacher, was located in a pre-fabricated building brought to Japan for missionaries shortly after World War II.

It was a year of hard work for Ann. She was responsible for all subjects except music, art and gym. In a typical five-day week, she had to prepare and conduct 38 teaching sessions. Some of the subject matter was not familiar to her, especially science. There was a good library, but little else. After a difficult beginning, the children

responded, and they had a good year.

I had no schedule and few responsibilities, especially at first. Therefore I did the shopping, made trips to post office and bank, and had most of the opportunities for exposure to Japanese culture. A by-product of this exposure was that I discovered what it meant to be illiterate. All signs were in Japanese, and I could not read a word of it. When we went to Japan, I had one engagement - to speak in a 93rd anniversary service of Miyagi Gakuin College. Others began to come quickly - chapel talks, sermons in churches, English conversation with students. I frequently went to the Protestant Student Center. Tohoku Gakuin University designated me as Visiting Scholar in its Christian Research Institute. This involved two major lectures, which were the most challenging of my activities in Japan. When, on our last Sunday in Japan, I spoke in Soai Church, Tokyo, that was my engagement number 107.

At the invitation of our missionary friend, Carl Schweitzer, I joined a prayer and Bible study group that met for breakfast about twice a month. It was a diverse group: Japanese and Caucasian, clergy and lay, liberal and conservative, representing varied denominations. After breakfast a designated member led a period of Bible study. When my turn came, we studied I Corinthians. Prayer was always a major part of our meetings. That was one of the few groups I have ever known in which conservatives and liberals had serious discussion without ideological hang-ups. After all, Bible and prayer belong to all of us, and we should not impose our ideologies on either of them.

We had been told that Japanese people are reticent, and that we should not expect close relationships. In general, we found this to be true. People were invariably polite, but reserved. They tried very hard to avoid taking positions that might be disagreeable or offensive to anyone. As a result, most discussions remained general. No one asked the hard question or gave the controversial answer. As time passed, however, closer relationships began to develop.

Our long time friend, Haruo Saeki, and his wife were warmly open to us from the start. They frequently invited us to House Church activities, where we felt very much at home. Missionaries, especially our long time friends, Bill and Barbara Mensendiek, opened many doors for us. Two women, after we had come to know them and their families well, asked to be considered our Japanese daughters. We have albums of pictures to help us relive that year, and correspondence helps to preserve the ties.

Health

Among the questions we raised as we considered coming to Uplands was: "How will it feel to live in a community of elderly people where illness and death are frequent events?" Our concern was that it might be a depressing experience.

It is now thirteen years since we came here. We have observed numerous cases of illness, deterioration and death, some involving people who had become our good friends. Our experience has been that of celebration rather than of depression. When illness comes, we feel

sorrow, but we also know what it means to be part of a caring, supportive community. When death comes, we celebrate the life we have known rather than mourn a death.

The two of us have, for the most part, enjoyed good health. However, we have had our health problems too. In a span of four years there have been five episodes. Four of these were my problems. One affected my eyes, when holes were discovered in the retinas of both eyes. This occurred in 1985 during our genealogical trip to Germany. Two episodes were prostate problems, involving surgery in 1983 and 1986. The first proved to be benign but the second involved cancer, and called for radiation therapy (35 linear accelerated x-ray treatments in Knoxville). During this time we decided it would be wise to sell our house and move into an apartment that would make fewer demands on both of us. A centrally-located apartment became unexpectedly available and we moved into it in August, 1986.

I was going to Knoxville five days a week for radiation. The strain of travel was greatly reduced by people from Fairfield Glade and Pleasant Hill who did the driving for several of us. In addition to travel, I had to cope with side effects of radiation. One result of all this was that Ann had to make all the moving arrangements and do the work of sorting and packing. It meant long, hard days for her. By mid-August my radiation program had ended, and we were in the Heritage Village apartment. In the process Ann had lost a good deal of weight. That was a good by-product, for physicians had told her she should reduce. At the same time, however, Ann had a health episode when a very high blood sugar count was discovered. The diagnosis was adult diabetes. That called for medication and for strict dieting. The sugar count is now back to normal, but she must continue to watch her diet very carefully, and to take some medication.

The fifth episode struck me in early March, 1987. The cancer had evidently been overcome, and the radiation effects had worn off slowly. I continued to take medication (primarily steroid) to deal with a hearing loss that had come during May (1986) surgery. I was also taking medication for flu which had struck me, along with many others in this area. One evening I was nauseated. After midnight things began to go wrong. I perspired. I had difficulty controlling the muscles of legs and arms. I lost speech control - knew what I wanted to say but could not get the words out. Ann and I both thought I was getting a stroke, but neither of us used the word. Ann called our good friend, Dr. Lake. He checked me out, and called our physician, Dr. Braun. On their recommendation, I went to the hospital by ambulance. Tests showed a very low level of salts (sodium and potassium) and too much fluid. The terms "hyponatremia" and "electrolyte imbalance" were used to describe the problem. We now know that it was only quick diagnosis and prompt treatment that carried me through episode number five.

Ann and I have learned that health crises are spiritual as well as physical. Her cancer bout in 1972 was serious. It was a jolt to have the surgeon tell her, matter-of-factly, that she had a forty to fifty per cent chance of survival. Strength came to match the crisis. That day ten of our clergy friends visited her in the hospital, and they

were the right ones. Carolyn and George came quickly. There was strong prayer support. By the end of the day, Ann was able to say, "It is in God's hands", and the sense of burden was lifted. Her example, as she coped with cancer and radiation, was most helpful to us then, and in the later crises that we faced.

My March 1987 crisis had unexpected spiritual aspects. When I awoke the morning after my first day in the hospital, I had a strong sense that the gift of life had been renewed. My prayer was one of gratitude for renewed life, for a sense of God's sustaining presence, for the strong support of family and friends, and for competent medical care. I began to think of responsibilities that I had assumed, too many of them. Some were personal and family tasks that had been piling up. Some were offices or committee tasks that had been accumulating. In some of these I had key roles, in which the welfare of a person or agency depended on my performance. That was an uncomfortable feeling for one lying on a hospital bed and surrounded by tubes and medical gadgetry. I came to see that, for the welfare of others and for the sake of my own recovery, I should withdraw from most of those responsibilities.

When I was back home, a few days later, I found that Ann had been thinking along similar lines. I made a list of responsibilities from which I should withdraw, and began a series of resignations that same day. The effect on me was a surprising sense of release. Facing my reduced energy and endurance, I had revised my retirement priorities.

In a telephone conversation with Carolyn, I mentioned activities from which I was withdrawing. Her question was, "What's left?", thinking that I might be resigning myself to the rocking chair for the rest of my days. When I told her what was left, she was satisfied. The problem for me will be to keep "what's left" in proper balance. I hope to keep the volume of responsibilities such that it will be stimulating but not overwhelming.

I shall close with a perceptive comment that Dr. Paul Limbert, retired after a career in higher education and in Y M C A administration, gave to our Franklin and Marshall College class of 1928 when we invited him to join in our 50th reunion. He spoke out of his own experience. Ann and I feel that he spoke for us too when he said, "Life is full of surprises, if we are ready for them."